

How To Race Your Dragon

by District XI

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Summary: Modern AU. Dragons: Semi-Sentient Cars that use people to pillage the inhabitants of Berk for their goods. During a raid, Hiccup makes the mistake of getting tangled up in a much larger battle for power. By shooting the lead car, known as the Night Fury.

How To Race Your Dragon

So, I was just sitting, alone, in my room, when suddenly, a plot idea attacked.

It was vicious, and I fought valiantly, but in the end, it won.

Okay, so here is a pretty quick summary: Modern Day AU; Hiccup Haddock is a young man at the age of 17. He lives in the town of Berk, a town located in essentially the middle of no-where. This is a town heavily influenced by crime. Not any crime, Raiders. Dragons to be exact. These are living cars that are dedicated to stealing things from the townsfolk for self gain, even if they have to use humans to do it. Food, jewelry, anything they can get their hands on. When Hiccup is caught in the middle of a raid, he makes the mistake of putting himself right in the middle of the war, by shooting the lead Dragon: The Night Fury.

So basically, instead of Giant Reptiles, Dragons are Cars.

**M'Kay, so here is the thing, the cars in this fic can be considered semi-sentient, as it would be unfair if the Dragon Racers were human. If it helps, consider them as Transformers, without the ability to transform. Or just think of them as cars with minds, I don't care how you do it. **

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><p>The sound of engines roared violently outside the house, seemingly shaking it on its foundations. Hiccup Haddock watched out the window as several loud sports cars and muscle cars zipped buy, some of them stopping and letting out passengers to go pillage the houses next to his. The young man was startled as a massive hand suddenly clapped down upon his shoulder. "Hiccup" His father began, a grave look on his bearded face.<p>

The large man known as Stoic wore a navy blue Police uniform, badge shining upon his chest. "Stay put."

Stoic started for the door, Hiccup at his heels "But, Dad, I think I can help! It won't happen like last time, I-I think I fixed the firing mechanism, if y-you just give me another chance, I can-"

"Stop. Hiccup, last time was a disaster, no a ****catastrophe****. _Your cousin broke his leg, and two police cruisers were destroyed in the process. Stay. _Here._" The sheriff said, before stomping out the door, and slamming it behind him.

Hiccup sighed, as he heard the small V6 engine of his Dad's police cruiser start up, and drive away.

* * *

><p>Hiccup sat, frustrated, alone, in his room. In his hands he held what looked like a small, large-barreled rifle. It was modified from a standard M79 grenade launcher that used to belong to his grandfather. He built it himself, it was specifically designed to pierce a car's plating, and destroy any mechanics it came into contact with. This was also the device that caused the last raid to become a "catastrophe". He opened the break action weapon, and took one "bullet" (again, much more like a 40mm grenade), and loaded the weapon. Closing the weapon again with a soft click, he stared out his window.

He was angry with his father. He held no trust with Hiccup, and all he wanted was to help. Just wait, the next Dragon that rode by was in for a nasty surprise. Just then, the CB radio by his bed crackled to life. He recognized one of his Father's officers. _We have a Night Fury, I repeat, Night Fury! Heading down South East Meridian!

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_"Meridian! It's heading right for our house!" _Hiccup thought, quickly springing out of bed, and down the stairs.

He panted as he sprinted outside, and down his driveway. His driveway met _Meridian _ at a "T" like intersection. The car would be coming from his right. Once there, he crouched in the ditch on the right side of the road, clutching his weapon to his chest. He waited. The Night Fury, a car so fast, no one could even tell what KIND of car it was. Incredibly dangerous, it is known to carry only extremely dangerous persons with it, and won't hesitate to kill them as he sees fit. _"What will it look like? How fast will it be? What sort of car could it be? A muscle car? Or a sports car?" _It was said that you could hear the Night Fury long before you see it. A motor so loud and angry, it could be heard from 10 miles away! This of course was stories, and no one could be sure.

Then he heard it. Quietly at first, a humming. Hiccup's expression grew confused...Could that be the Night Fury? The noise only grew louder. And Louder. Until it was an incredibly loud roaring buzz, like a gigantic...lawnmower? Never in Hiccup's life had he heard a car that sounded like that. It had to be the Night Fury. He looked far down the road, and was able to make out headlights. Far, far away. Was the car that distinctive?

Hiccup placed the weapon to his shoulder. He prepared. Suddenly, the headlights far ahead of him seemed to almost "wink" out of existence. But the noise did not stop. It got louder. What in the name of the gods WAS that car? He waited, he could barely make out the road out to the right of him, where the car was coming. His legs were sore as they tensed in the ditch.

Quite abruptly, he saw a glint of paint as the Noise reached its climax loudness, right in front of him. He flinched and violently jerked the trigger of the weapon. With a loud _THWUMP_, _ the weapon discharged. What Hiccup heard next, he was not expecting what-so-ever. A loud _CRACK_ as the large shell made contact with the side of the car.

The angry noise of the car downshifting and then sputtering loudly caused him to jump backwards into the water of the ditch. The engine died, but the car kept rolling, speedily coasting until it could be heard crashing through the bushes somewhere up the road.

Hiccup slowly got up in the silent night. "I hit it...I HIT IT!" He cheered in the air, whooping loudly.

"Did ANYONE see that!" He yelled as he stepped onto the road.

A loud roar of a V8 caused him to turn to face a large 1984 Ford F150, lifted VERY high, with VERY large tires. "Except for you." Hiccup said, suddenly disheartened.

The truck was going to run him down. Then the smaller revving of his Dad's police cruiser zipped buy, his father flinging himself out of the vehicle, at Hiccup, tackling him out of the way as the big orange truck violently jerked forward, across the small road, and into a tree. Both the father and son watched as the truck died, and the tree made a none-too good cracking noise. The large Fir tree fell, crashing across the road, and on top of the neighbors house.

Hiccup was practically in shock as his father hauled him up, onto his feet. Other police cruisers pulled up, blocked by the tree. Hiccup wasn't too sure what was happening until he was being pushed towards his house by his Uncle Gobber. "Back in tha' house with ye"

* * *

><p>HOLYCRAFTIMEWARP<p>

Hiccup cursed slightly as he tripped over his own feet. He was walking up his road, opposite the direction of where the tree had blocked the road. Men were working on removing it now. He had gotten quite the "speech" from his father, about following directions. Of course the man did not believe that he had hit the Night Fury. It was much too fast for the boy, he had said. Hiccup was going to prove him wrong. He knew he had hit it, but first he needed to find it.

The teen sighed as he kept walking. How far could a car coast with out a running motor? Then he noticed tracks, leading off of the road, into several smashed bushes. He excitedly followed the crushed foliage. The car managed to make it pretty far through the brush. He gasped as he opened into a small clearing. That's wear he saw it. The car.

It was a sports car, and incredible glossy black. He could hear the car from here, trying to start, the motor slowly trying to turn over. It sounded very odd. Just when the motor seemed to start, just as it fully came to life, the car quite violently jerked forward, as it died again. He slowly approached the car. The car didn't really make much effort, it couldn't move. He slowly walked around the back side, trying to figure it out. Hiccup managed to identify it as a 1980 Mazda RX-7. That explained the odd sounds of the car, as they all had Wankel Rotory engines powering them. Definitely, amazingly fast, and very loud.

He walked around the front of the car. He placed two hands on the hood of the car, causing it to jerk backwards slightly, though not all that threateningly. It did cause the boy to immediately stop touching it. There were no headlights. "I could have sworn you had he-" Before Hiccup could even finish his sentence, the headlights popped up from the hood, the bright lights looking like round yellow eyes. "Wow." Hiccup said, chuckling nervously.

The little Mazda didn't seem so intimidating in the day time, without its angry motor running. It seemed almost...cute with its pop up headlights.

He sort of felt bad as he looked towards where his weapon had made contact. It didn't really seem as though it damaged the outside, but rather ricocheted off of the front left tire and up under the car. He briefly wondered what was wrong with the car as it once again attempted to start, jerked forward, then stopped.

Hiccup tapped the top of the car. It stopped. The door opened softly with a click. Hiccup's heart-rate accelerated as the smell of leather met him. He walked around the door, and sat down in the car. He couldn't really understand the car's motives. Why would he be let in so quickly?

The interior of the car was warm from being in the sun, but otherwise it was pristine. As he looked around, he noticed that the key was just sitting in the ignition, as the car once again tried to start. He began to note several little things. The car was a manual transmission, had black leather seats, and had a strange dragon-like emblem in the middle of the steering wheel. An angry buzzer sounded from the car as he placed his hands on the steering wheel.

Hiccup jumped lightly, but didn't try to touch the wheel again. He reached down, and took the key from the ignition. There was no protest, but the car still obviously had power over itself. Hiccup stepped out of the vehicle. He closed the door gently, and softly stated "I'll be back" as he began to walk away. The pop-up headlights once again returned to their downwards position. He began to walk away from the car. From behind him he could hear a painful grinding noise as the car once again jerked forward then died.

As he reached the edge of the clearing, he turned to look at the little RX-7.

He would be back.

* * *

><p>Okay, I spent WAAAAAY too much time on this. Tell me what you think PLEASE, because I really don't know if I would continue it if no one liked it!<p>

Yes, I made Toothless an RX-7. It seemed fitting, because they're fast, loud, and unique. For those of you who DON'T know about cars, this is what Toothless looks like (only toothless is black, as opposed to the brown of this car).

Replace the (DOT)'s with an actual dot, like the one at the end of this sentence.

[http://forum**\(DOT\)**avtoindex**\(DOT\)**com/foto/data/media/54/Mazda_RX-7_1978-85_30**\(DOT\)**jpg](http://forum**(DOT)**avtoindex**(DOT)**com/foto/data/media/54/Mazda_RX-7_1978-85_30**(DOT)**jpg)

also, with the pop-up headlights up (though Toothless's are yellow)

[http://i764**\(DOT\)**photobucket**\(DOT\)**com/albums/xx283/Silver85rx7/Credit1**\(DOT\)**jpg](http://i764**(DOT)**photobucket**(DOT)**com/albums/xx283/Silver85rx7/Credit1**(DOT)**jpg)

Also, a Shout-Out for whoever can tell me what is WRONG WITH TOOTHLESS(the car).

Thanks a whole lot for reading! Please Review, because this thing took forever to write!

End
file.